

Lucky

I'm lucky the North Carolina green
seems to have come to me like I am of it,
part of all its creepy crawlies, of its earth
and stain, its weathered plant and flower,
like I am one with this beauty. I am a vine,
a dandelion, a squirrel, a crow, an elm,
a rock, a single grain of dirt, many grains
caked up like mud. I never dreamt
of being so beautiful. I'm lucky
the green came to me, welcomed me
home like there's no one who wishes
to be here who can't be here, loving
the Earth, wanting us all to feel
this green like gold.

– Liza Wolff-Francis

Carrboro, NC



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